

Blue Quill

May 1954



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THE BLUE QUILL

MAY 1954

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QUEENS COLLEGE
CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

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THIRD FLOOR

Dr. Edwin Ruthven Walker

President-Elect of Queens College

Dr. Edwin Ruthven Walker, new president-elect of Queens College, visited the campus on April 5 to meet with the commission appointed by the Synod to study Presbyterian colleges of North Carolina. Although Dr. Walker was on the campus for only a few hours, most of which time was spent in conference, he was able to meet a number of the students personally. Those who had the privilege of meeting Dr. Walker were deeply impressed with their new president. Speaking with enthusiasm about the future of Queens, he showed a understanding of and a genuine interest in the problems of a small liberal-arts college.

Dr. Walker, recommended for election to the Board of Trustees by a special committee headed by Mr. McAlister Carson, is the fulfillment of a long search to find the right president for Queens College. Not only does Dr. Walker have the personality for the job, but his years of experience in the field of education qualify him for his new office. At present he is dean of Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida. In the last nineteen years Dr. Walker has served as professor of philosophy and religion at Central College, Fayette, Mo., associate professor of philosophy at the University of Colorado, professor of philosophy and director of general education at Oklahoma A. & M., and dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Florida State University. In the summer of 1944 he was visiting professor at the University of Chicago, and he has been consultant to the administrator of the Federal Civil Defense Administration from January to July in 1951.

Dr. Walker has long been in demand as a lecturer for colleges and universities. He has contributed many articles in educational, religious, and scientific journals and to three books in the educational field. His honors include selection as a Kent Fellow and membership in Phi Kappa Phi and Pi Kappa Delta honorary fraternities. He is chairman of the South Conference of Academic Deans and holds membership in the accrediting committee of the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools and formerly in the National Board of the Student Christian Movement.

Born in 1907, Dr. Walker is a native Texan. He holds a bachelor of arts



DR. WALKER

degree from Southwestern University, the bachelor of divinity degree from Vanderbilt, and doctor of philosophy degree from the University of Chicago.

The students, faculty, administration, Board of Trustees, and citizens of Charlotte are sincerely and eagerly anticipating Dr. Walker's coming. As eleventh president to take office, Dr. Walker will continue the work of those who have preceded him, especially the work of his close friend and associate, the late Dr. C. C. Jernigan. Those who have met Dr. Walker feel sure that he is going to provide the strength of leadership and guidance which is needed to build a greater Queens. Mr. Everett has said:

I consider him to be a most excellent scholar . . . He knows what ought to go on in a liberal-arts college . . . He knows especially well how to attract a high-class personnel . . . In my opinion he is one of the most able men in America in the field of higher education. I have had the opportunity of working with him intimately and can say without the slightest reservation that if he could be attracted to the post of president of Queens College, there is no doubt in my mind about his ability to do a superb job.

Further proof of Dr. Walker's reception is the numerous letters, telegrams, and phone calls he received from business men in Charlotte.

Although Dr. Walker has been busy in the field of education, he has varied interests and hobbies. He is an ardent baseball fan. During his visit to the Queens campus on April 5 Dr. Walker with Mr. Everett enjoyed an afternoon at the ball park watching a game between the New York Yankees and the Charlotte Hornets.

As well as enjoying baseball Dr. Walker enjoys various hobbies. He says that these hobbies have changed over the years. One of his first was riding saddle horses. He became interested in horses while teaching at Central College in Fayette, Mo., which is a center for raising fine saddle horses. Other hobbies include mountain climbing, furniture designing, woodworking, and photography.

Dr. Walker is a devoted family man. His wife is the former Miss Pherba Thomas, who also attended Southwestern University. Mrs. Walker will be a welcome addition to the campus.

Dr. and Mrs. Walker are extremely interested in young people and have two children of their own. They have a boy, Ed. Jr., who is in the Navy on board the *USS Cogswell*. He will complete his tour of duty sometime this summer. Dr. Walker says, "His plans after that are, as yet, indefinite." Their daughter, Martha Ann, is married to Dr. Harbans S. Puri, a geologist with the Florida State Geological Survey. Dr. and Mrs. Harbans live in Tallahassee.

On May 10, 11, 12, Dr. and Mrs. Walker will pay a visit to Charlotte. At this time Dr. Walker will attend the spring meeting of the Board of Trustees. The students and faculty will also have the opportunity of meeting the Walkers. Most of all, however, the students, faculty, and citizens of Charlotte are looking forward to June 10 when the Walkers become permanent residents on the Queens College campus.

—A. A.

CHOIR TAKES ANNUAL TOUR

On March 21 the Queens College Choir left on its annual tour. The choir sang in churches in Bluefield, Mullens, Charleston, South Charleston, Fayetteville, and Welch, West Virginia, and in North Wilkesboro, North Carolina. The group appeared in high schools in Bluefield, Mullens, and South Charleston. The members of the choir were guests in the homes of the church members. The program included the "Service in B Flat" by Lotti, music from the Christmas season, and four contemporary numbers.

On March 20 Mr. Sipe gave a recital in Ninniss. His program included works of Vitali, Paganini, Brahms, Mozart, Beethoven, Ernest Bloch, and de Falla.

On April 14 Mrs. Janice Jenkins, also a member of the music faculty, gave a voice recital in Ninniss. Her program included works of Schumann, Ravel, Bloch, and Puccini.

—J. M.

Blue Quill Staff Pays Tribute To An Editor



The *Blue Quill* staff and the student body take this opportunity to express their appreciation to Davy-Jo Stribling for her loyalty to Queens and for her faithful service as editor of *The Blue Quill*. Davy-Jo worked on *The Blues*

during her freshman year and has been a contributor to *The Blue Quill* since its establishment in 1951. Before being elected editor-in-chief, Davy-Jo was news editor.

Davy-Jo is active in many of the extra-curricular activities on the campus. She is retiring president of Sigma Upsilon, honorary literary fraternity. She holds membership in Alpha Kappa Gamma and Sigma Mu, honorary leadership and scholarship fraternities, respectively. She is chairman of the Jeremiah memorial committee, and she is on the Dean's list.

As editor of *The Blue Quill*, Davy-Jo has not only maintained the high standards of the magazine, but she has also improved many of its old features and has added new ones. Therefore, *The Blue Quill* and the student body give this tribute to Davy-Jo Stribling, a leader and a friend of Queens College.

—B.

Self Study At Queens Progresses

Progress is being made on the self-study survey of the college. The survey is under the direction of a commission appointed by the Synod of North Carolina and financed by the Ford Foundation.

The Queens committee was appointed on December 1, and since that time it has been studying all phases of life and work at the college. The study is being made under five general heads with each member of the committee conducting one division of the study. They are the following:

1. Plant and equipment, Dr. L. I. Nichols
2. Faculty and staff, Dr. Mildred McEwen
3. Student life, Mr. John Holliday
4. Curriculum, Miss Mary Lee Taylor
5. Public relations, which is divided into the general public, headed by Dr.

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J. R. Boner, and alumnae, headed by Miss Laura Tillett, chairman of the committee.

Questionnaires have been submitted to the division heads, the faculty, and the students. The findings from these questionnaires have been recorded. The final report of the committee will be presented to the commission early in May.

The Advisory Council of the commission is composed of the following eminent educational leaders: Dean Francis B. Rosecrance, New York University, chairman of the council; Dr. Sarah G. Blanding, president of Vassar College; Dr. John B. Millett, president of Miami University; Dr. Thomas A. Spragens, president of Stephens College; and Dr. John O. Gross, director of higher education for the Methodist Church. The council visited the Queens campus on April 5.

Dr. Roger P. McCutcheon, dean of the graduate school of Tulane University, is the director of the survey. He has been working here and in the other colleges being investigated since February 1, 1954. On March 8 of this year Dr. Noble Hendrix of the University of Alabama visited our campus. He came to Queens as a consultant for the committee on student life. Dr. Paul Seaver of Yale University was here as a consultant in science and addressed the student body on March 26.

The results of the survey will not be available until after the committee reports have been submitted to the Synod. Work will continue on the self-study until that time. Miss Tillett has said, "The findings from the questionnaires have been gratifying. We have been pleased in general with our findings."

—S.



MR. EVERETT . . . *our president*

Last September Queens students began singing a peppy song about their acting president, Mr. H. H. Everett. Although they sang with much enthusiasm, they had some doubt as to whether they would "get along" with their acting president. The year had not progressed very far, however, before their doubt was erased by Mr. Everett's formal manner and by his genuine interest in student problems. In fact, he became a part of Queens so quickly that students even resent his being called the acting president! Queens students will always refer to the year 1953-54 as the year that Mr. Everett was *president* of the college.

Although Mr. Everett had qualms about becoming a college president, he should not have had. He became a trustee less than two years before he became president, but assumed his duties as president like a veteran. His office door has always been open to students. Many days since his vacation in Florida this winter, his tan Cadillac has been parked in the president's yard from nine in the morning to five in the afternoon. Many nights he has returned to his office to complete the day's work. Because of his faithfulness to his duties as president and his friendliness, Mr. Everett has become beloved by the student body. Queens students regret that his office duties on campus will end in June.

Mr. Everett has become fascinated with college work, although his own formal education was limited to the public schools of Atlanta, Georgia. When he was six years old, his family moved to Atlanta from Ellijay, Georgia, where he was born on March 9, 1898. During vacation time in Atlanta Mr. Everett secured a job at the Mutual Film Company. He became so interested that he would not quit, and the motion-picture industry became his career.

In 1922 Mr. Everett moved to Charlotte as manager of a motion-picture distributing company. He remained in that capacity until 1936 when he was appointed Southern Division Manager in charge of the eleven Southern states. In 1938 he resigned this position in order to form his own company. Everett Enterprises grew into a large chain of motion-picture theaters. He recently sold his theater interests in order to give his time to Queens College and other community affairs.

While in Atlanta Mr. Everett met and married his wife, Arnelia Nisbet. They have one daughter, Mrs. Henderson Belk, and two grandchildren, Tommy Everett Belk and Paul Henderson Belk.

The love that Mr. Everett holds for the city of Charlotte is evidenced in the many community services in which he is

involved. He became the first president of the United Community Services, the parent organization of the United Appeal. For two years (1951, 1952) Mr. Everett was president of the Chamber of Commerce. He was one of the founders of the Variety Club; and, as a member, he led in financing a children's diagnostic clinic at the Memorial Hospital. Mr. Everett is a former district governor of the Lions Club. As a member of that group, Mr. Everett was a leader in establishing Freedom Park, the city's largest recreational center. He is also a former president of the Myers Park Country Club, and the beautiful club building was constructed during his administration.

In 1952 Mr. Everett was elected Charlotte's Man of the Year for the services he had rendered to the city during that year. He had led various money-raising campaigns which were successful because of his outstanding diplomacy. This was especially true of his dealings with the many charitable organizations concerned in the United Community Services.

One of Mr. Everett's chief interests now is Trinity Presbyterian Church, which celebrated its birthday last month. He was one of the original few who organized the group in the fall of 1950. He is now chairman of the building committee which is responsible for the construction of three buildings on a twenty-two acre tract of land off Providence Road.

The president has little time for recreation; but, when he does, he enjoys fishing at Eagle Lake, where he has a cabin and spends many week-ends.

In the spring of 1952 Mr. Everett was elected a trustee of Queens College. In December of that year he succeeded Mr. McAlister Carson as chairman of the board. Since last August Mr. Everett has been serving as president. Mr. Everett's interest in Queens began long before he became officially attached to the college. For years he has thought it an asset to Charlotte. He said, "Dr. Blakely and I used to swap jokes about assuming each other's job for a year. I little dreamed that some day I would be in his position. He was the man who 'attracted' me to Queens, but Jerry (the late Dr. Jernigan) was the man who 'captured' me for Queens."

Mr. Everett stated further that he accepted the chairmanship of the board because he thought he and Dr. Jernigan would go hand in hand down the road together. After Dr. Jernigan's death Mr. Everett accepted the position of acting president "not only because of a desire to try to serve the school but also because of friendship and admiration for Dr. Jernigan." He also stated that he was delighted about Dr. Edwin R. Walker's acceptance of the presidency. "I shall expect to join hands with Dr. Walker just as I had done with Dr. Jernigan."

When asked how he liked being president, Mr. Everett replied, "I love it. Everybody has been so nice." He says that he felt inadequate for the job at the time of his election, but he took it feeling that he might serve Queens in some capacity. He said, "Having had this experience, I feel I will make a better trustee in the future."

Mr. Everett feels that Queens' strongest point is the student body. "Our students are of high quality and come

(Continued on page 18)

DAVID OVENS PHYSICAL EDUCATION BUILDING IS DEDICATED

A ceremony that will long be remembered in the history of Queens College took place Sunday afternoon, March 7. That ceremony was the dedication of the new David Ovens Physical Education Building. H. H. Everett presided over the ceremony and accepted the building, which was presented by Mr. David Ovens. Others taking part in the dedication were the Rev. H. V. Carson, who gave the invocation; the Rev. J. A. Jones, who gave the dedicatory prayer; the Rev. L. I. Stell, who said the benediction; and the Queens College Choir, which sang under the director of J. A. Holliday.

The most enjoyable part of the dedication ceremony was Mr. Ovens' presentation speech. It was a friendly talk rather than a formal speech, and the audience responded in kind to it. At one point Mr. Ovens stopped to give recognition to Miss Mavis Mitchell, head of the physical-education department.

Mr. Ovens also pointed out that there are other buildings which are needed on the campus, such as a library and a fine-arts building.

The new physical-education building includes a large gymnasium with basketball and badminton courts, a smaller gymnasium for dancing, a lobby, offices, classrooms, equipment rooms, locker and shower rooms, and a swimming pool. It has been carefully designed down to the last detail for the good and comfort of the students of Queens.

The students of Queens want to express their gratitude to Mr. Ovens first of all, and then to the architects, the contractors, other firms who had a part in constructing and furnishing the building, and to Miss Mitchell and other members of the faculty and administration who made the realization of a dream come true.

—S.

Panhellenic Council Holds Spring Dance

A Plantation Ball held in the new David Ovens Physical Education Building on Saturday, April 3, from 8:30 P.M. until 12:00 midnight, highlighted the activities for the Spring Dance weekend at Queens. Sponsored by the Panhellenic Council, entertainment for the week end included an open house in the gymnasium on Friday, a picnic at the Belks' river home on Saturday, and the dance Saturday night.

The success of the weekend was praised by Marilyn Martin, Panhellenic Council member: "The enthusiasm for the first big dance week end ever held at Queens was gratifying. I hope that in the future the event will become an annual affair."

The theme of the Plantation Ball was brought out in the decorations. To create an atmosphere of the old South, a rose-covered trellis was placed at one end of the gymnasium. At the other end were placed wagon wheels arranged on piles of rail fencing. The band stand took the form of a colonial house in which could be seen the traditional Negro mammy.

Music for the dance was furnished by Charlie Friar and his Radio Center Orchestra. Refreshments were served at intermission. Serving punch were Miss Sarah Jenkins and Mrs. Carolyn Good.

Members of the figure were the representatives of Panhellenic Council and their escorts. They included Sidney Lewis with Charles G. McClure, Jr.; Mary Lois Ridings with William A. Moffett; Margaret McLeod with James Blanchard; Marthann Coleman with Dewey Keesler; Marilyn Martin with Dunbar Ogden; Nancy Irwin with Charles Williams; Betty Neale with Stuart Beal; Jane Wildman with Paul Clapp; Bettie Hunter with Ensign Eric C. Clark; Jean Phillips with Jerry Barnes; and Marjory Carter with Robert Crawford.

—N. S.

Panhellenic Congress Presents Fashion Show

The proceeds from "Fashions To a Queens Taste" were turned over to the Panhellenic-Jernigan Memorial Fund which was established by the Charlotte Panhellenic Congress in tribute to the late Dr. Charlton C. Jernigan, former president of Queens College. The profits from the fashion show will insure a college education for a deserving student selected by the Queens College Administration.

The new Ovens Physical Education Building on Queens campus was the scene for the fashion show which was held Friday night, March 12. Betty Cross, Sally Edgerton, Mary Virginia Crisler, Nancy Irwin, and Phyllis Scutt represented the five Queens Panhellenic sororities. Members of the Alumnae Panhellenic Congress were the other models. The models displayed around-the-clock fashions ranging from sportswear, career-girl clothes, and suits to silks and evening wear. The clothes for the event were furnished through the courtesy of Tate-Brown Company. The shoes and bags were from Chandler's, and the jewelry was from Lomax. Miss Jean Maer, fashion coordinator with Tate-Brown, was in charge of the selections; and Mrs. Gladys Lavitan was fashion commentator for the evening. Organ music was furnished by Miss Velma Randle.

Official hostesses for the benefit were the Alpha Gamma Delta Alumnae group with Mrs. Alec Heath as chairman. Alpha Gamma Delta undergraduates at Queens ushered.

—P.

OPPORTUNITY KNOCKS

GLORIA DOWD

Opportunity knocked,
You heed not the call.
Opportunity passed;
A chance is left—that is all.

HALL AND BROWN WILL SPEAK AT GRADUATION

Two outstanding leaders, one in church work and one in the field of education, will speak at the graduation exercises at Queens, which will bring this school year to a close. On Sunday, May 30 at 11:00 a.m., Dr. Warner L. Hall will deliver the baccalaureate sermon in Belk Chapel to the graduating class. Dr. Hall is the pastor of the Covenant Presbyterian Church in Charlotte. Addressing the graduating seniors at the commencement exercises at 10:30 a.m. on Monday, May 31, will be Dr. Kenneth Irving Brown, Executive Director of the Danforth Foundation in St. Louis, Missouri.

Dr. Hall, a native of Covington, Tennessee, received his A.B. degree at Southwestern and his B.D. at Louisville Presbyterian Theological Seminary. He also attended the University of Berlin and the University of Edinburgh, where he received his Ph.D. Before coming to the Covenant Church, Dr. Hall held pastorates at the Presbyterian Church in Leland, Mississippi, at the Maxwell Street Presbyterian Church in Lexington, Kentucky, and at the First Presbyterian Church of Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Dr. Hall has been active in both denominational and interdenominational work and has been in demand as a religious-emphasis speaker at many schools and colleges. Since his arrival in Charlotte in 1946, he has served the city of Charlotte, not only as a minister, but also in other capacities such as director of the Charlotte United Appeal Movement and president of the Charlotte Council of Churches. He has also been active in home mission work and in work for the Synod of North Carolina.

The commencement speaker, Dr. Kenneth Irving Brown, is originally from Brooklyn, New York. He began his higher education at the University of Rochester, where he received his B. degree. At Harvard University he received both his M.A. and his Ph.D. degrees. He later was awarded the LL.D. by the University of Rochester, and he also attended Wittenburg College.

Prior to his present position with the Danforth Foundation, Dr. Brown served as a professor of the English department at Harvard, as a professor of Biblical Literature at Hiram College, as president of Hiram College, and as president of Denison University. He has been outstanding in the field of education not only in these positions, but also as a member of several



DR. BROWN



DR. HALL

education boards and as president of education societies. Dr. Brown is also known in the field of writing and editing and is the author of articles and short stories in leading magazines.

This year's commencement class contains fifty-six candidates for degrees. Those who are graduating with a Bachelor of Arts degree are: Betty Ruth Abernethy, Charlotte, N. C.; Mary Faulkner Allen, Mocksville, N. C.; Jane Ellen Anderson, Charlotte, N. C.; Ruth Elizabeth Anderson, Matthews, N. C.; Marthann Coleman, Asheville, N. C.; Helen Leeds Cushman, Little Compton, R. I.; Barbara Ruth Edwards, Decatur, Ill.; Frances Joan Farabow, Charlotte, N. C.; Grace Glenn Hager, Charlotte, N. C.; Patsy Jean Harmon, Charlotte, N. C.; Bettie Orr Hunter, Charlotte, N. C.; Nancy Lavender Irwin, Eureka, N. C.; Marilyn Erwin Martin, Hamlet, N. C.; Frances Elizabeth Neale, Richmond, Va.; Nancy Payne, Charlotte, N. C.; Ruby Eloise Peede, Lillington, N. C.; Nancy Patricia Powell, Tampa, Fla.; Dorothy Lee Saunders, Southern Pines, N. C.; Doris Wilds Searcy, Valdese, N. C.; Jane McLaurin Stanley, Laurinburg, N. C.; Carol Ray Stockner, Welch, W. Va.; Davy-Jo Stribling, Westminster, S. C.; Martha Jane Thomas, Fort Mill, S. C.; Rebecca Charlene Warren, Welch, W. Va.; Elizabeth Ann Woods, Lynchburg, Va.

Graduates receiving a Bachelor of Science degree are:

Nell Garrell Bullard, Charlotte, N. C.; Mary Ruth Burch, Charlotte, N. C.; Lotus Barton Campbell, Charlotte, N. C.; Mary Hirste Carson, Buchanan, Va.; Evelyn Virginia Cham-

bers, Gastonia, N. C.; Victoria Copes, Charlotte, N. C.; Mary Virginia Crisler, Roanoke, Ala.; Bettie Jean Culp, Laurinburg, N. C.; Nancy Kathryn Duncan, Spindale, N. C.; Louise Stephanas Harvin, Jacksonville, Fla.; Dorothy Ratliff Hinson, Charlotte, N. C.; Anne Griffin Howell, Charlotte, N. C.; Janice Clark Jenkins, Charlotte, N. C.; Jacquelyn Johnson, Dunn, N. C.; Doris Katherine Lee, Charlotte, N. C.; Betty Margaret Lipe, Landis, N. C.; Lelia Margaret McLeod, Chesterfield, S. C.; Samuel H. McMahon, Jr., Charlotte, N. C.; Laura Ann Martin, Lumberton, N. C.; Mary Ellen Monson, Charlotte, N. C.; Elizabeth Lee Murray, Durham, N. C.; Doris Nanette Parsons, Charlotte, N. C.; Peggy Lee Phillips, Charlotte, N. C.; Ruth Craven Roddey, Charlotte, N. C.; Eugenia Anna Sanders, Charlotte, N. C.; Leslie Black Simmons, Charlotte, N. C.; Edrie Mae Smith, Charlotte, N. C.; Vivian Margaret Smith, Atlanta, Ga.; Anne Stuart, Bartow, Fla.; Sylvia Ann Turner, Greer, S. C.; Martha Jane Wildman, Ft. Riley, Kan.

Four secretarial-administration certificates will also be given at graduation exercises this year. Those receiving these certificates are:

Elizabeth Joanna Adams, Gastonia, N. C.; Peggy Janice Davis, Charlotte, N. C.; Mary Elizabeth Lee, Orlando, Fla.; and Barbara Lee Myers, Winston-Salem, N. C.

—C. Mc. I.

Incoming Freshmen

Out of one hundred and twenty-three students who have applied for entrance at Queens, seventy-seven have already been accepted, and new applications are coming in regularly. All students are requested to study this list and familiarize themselves with these names. Then next year the name will have only to be associated with the face. It will make the new students feel very much at home to be called by name within a few days.

Those who have been accepted from North Carolina are Betty Lorraine Cheek, Deep Gap; Jean Dixon McLaurin, Laurinburg; Dorothy Sloan Clark, Charlotte; Elaine James, Asheville; Barbara Jane Currie, Wallace; Becky Jo Benson, Winston-Salem; Linda Merle Williams, Fayetteville; Kathleen Woolard Atkins, Asheville; Barbara Elizabeth Owens, Fletcher; Virginia Dare Byrne, Winston-Salem; Elizabeth Ann McManus, Hamlet; Jo Ann Stone, Charlotte; and Patricia Ann Roberts, Charlotte.

Also Mary Rebecca Buie, Wagram; Sarah Julia Carpenter, Hendersonville; Elizabeth Rouse Gray, Raleigh; Hazel Ann Watson, Goldsboro; Katie Curry Loflin, Asheboro; Keturah Emily Killingsworth, Charlotte; Gloria Jeanne Griffith, Lexington; Katherine Pinder Bernhard, Raleigh; Barbara Ann Caudle, Winston-Salem; Susan Howe Foxworth, Burlington; Barbara Anne Philemon, Charlotte; and Carolyn Steiger Minogue, Charlotte.

From South Carolina come Sara Crew Boyce, Lancaster; Miriam Elizabeth Link, Columbia; Anne Elaine Rogers, Dillon; Louise DuPre Love, Lowrys; Mary Lynn Gregg, Florence; Virginia Grace Aldrich, Allendale; Beverley Ann Kennedy, Clover; Belva Beth Beasley, Lamar; Delia Louise Neil, Marion; Barbara Anne Powers, Marion; Ruth Hobbs Abernethy, Rock Hill; Miriam Hinson, Mullins; and Helen Paris Anderson, Clinton.

Also Elizabeth Bailey Calvert, Converse; Eleanor Daffin Bowie, Anderson; Emily Kate Sapp, Lancaster; Patricia Anesley Brown, Florence; Patricia Elizabeth Pickell, Greenville; Zeline Griffin Dickson, Manning; Margaret Anne Kirkpatrick, Greenville; Barbara DeRenne Lee, Florence; Eleanor May Ballenger, Seneca; Jessie Jeanette Lay, Westminster; Barbara Coker Anderson, Cheraw; Carroll Horton Sperry, Aiken; and Elizabeth Bates Bell, Greenville.

From Florida will come Kay Conner, Panama City; Elizabeth Nelson Henderson, Miami; Katie Jo Caddell, Miami; Virginia Ruth Rankin, Ft. Myers; Martha Lynn Harrington, Miami; Janice Rae Bierbaum, Miami Shores.

New Virginians will be Lillian Stuart Daniel, Richmond; Mary Moore Mason, Roanoke; Julia Long Ralston, Richmond; Ann Hewlett Hurt, Waynesboro; and Margaret Hutchison Rennie, Richmond.

From West Virginia will come Virginia Jean Schiefelbein, Welch; Sybil Lea Davis, Marlinton; Donna Kamp Ferguson, Charleston; Amelia Anne Alba, Bluefield; and Joyce Bartlett Pauley, South Charleston.

From Georgia will come Emily Clare McCarley, Atlanta; Ann Mayes Grimsley, Atlanta; and Marjorie Lynn McMahan.

New Alabamans will be Anne Magruder Fouche, Birmingham; Augusta Matthews Faull, Birmingham; and Jane Summerville, Aliceville.

8-THE BLUE QUILL

Other new students are Barbara Lynn Gott, Kingsport, Tenn.; Katherine Susannah Freeman, Elizabethton, Tenn.; Betty Love Goodykoontz, Louisville, Ky.; and Ann Quendrid Williams, Little Rock, Ark.

—V. L. I.

McCutchan Speaks At Installation

Dr. J. Wilson McCutchan, professor of English at Davidson College, addressed Queens College students and faculty at a convocation in Belk Chapel on March 17. At this time student government leaders for 1954-1955 were installed. Dr. McCutchan, formerly chairman of the Division of Language and Literature at Queens, gave an inspiring talk about student leaders. In this talk he outlined the responsibilities of student leadership.

He was introduced by Barbara Edwards, outgoing president of the Student Government Association. Miss Patricia Laird of Panama City, Florida, newly elected president of the Student Government Association, made the acceptance and spoke briefly on behalf of the new officers.

—E.



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Honorary Fraternities Hold Tappings

Three of the honorary societies at Queens have held their second-semester tappings. These societies are Sigma Upsilon, Sigma Mu, and Alpha Kappa Gamma.

Membership in Sigma Upsilon is limited to those students and faculty members who show interest and ability in creative writing. At its recent ceremony on February 24 the Cakes and Ale Chapter tapped Amanda Adams, Mary McLaney, Marjorie Blankenship, North Spearman, Carolyn Newton, Carolyn LeGette, Ann Woods, Marthann Coleman, Kathryn Rogers, Miss Anne Perry, and Miss Mildred Miscally.

Sigma Mu's purpose is to recognize high scholastic attainment and to encourage independent research among the juniors and seniors at Queens. Membership is limited to those who have done outstanding work and research. On February 10 Sigma Mu tapped Jane Anderson, Louise Hobson, Charlene Warren, Caroline Love, and Mary McLaney into membership.

Only those girls who have shown outstanding leadership on Queens campus are eligible for membership in Alpha Kappa Gamma. This leadership qualification is not limited to any one field of work on the campus, but it covers all phases of campus life. On March 31 the Olympian Circle of Alpha Kappa Gamma tapped Betty Neale, Mary McLaney, Lynn Heagney, Mary Lois Ridggs, Betty Cross, Mrs. John B. Rudisill, and Miss Mildred Miscally into membership because of outstanding and constructive leadership and their expression of high ideals on the Queens campus.

—M. C.

Class of '54 Presents Gift

The class of 1954 has presented a gift to the college which has made Queens campus more beautiful. The senior class bought trees which were placed around Belk Chapel during the last week of April.

Among the plants given by the seniors were a white dogwood tree, a crab apple tree, and a cherry tree. The class also purchased some equipment which will be used for the care of the trees and shrubs on the campus. The gift is valued approximately \$100.

—E. V.

Queens Celebrates Fine Arts Festival

May 2 through May 7 were the dates for the ninth annual Fine Arts Festival of Queens College under the direction of Mr. John Holliday, Chairman of the Fine Arts Division. The week began on Sunday afternoon at 4:30 with a concert in Ninniss Auditorium sponsored by the International Society for Contemporary Music, of which Queens has the only chapter in the Southeastern states. Guest artists at the concert were Mr. Kenneth Moore of the music faculty at Davidson and Mrs. Harold Frantz of Montreat College. The Queens College Choir sang four contemporary numbers; and Anita Dixon of Charlotte, a music student at Queens, played a Bartok piano sonata.

On Monday night Anita presented a recital in Ninniss. Among her numbers were "Toccata" in C minor by Bach; "Beethoven's Sonata," Opus 110; "Intermezzo," Opus 117, No. 1 by Brahms; "Intermezzo," Opus 117, No. 3 by Brahms; and "Scherzo," Opus 4 by Brahms.

Tuesday night a concert was given by a small chamber orchestra conducted by Melvin Sipe, instructor of violin and theory at Queens. The orchestra program included "Sinfonica" No. 7 by Cannabich, *Concerto Grosso*, Opus 6 No. 10, by Handel, *Brandenburg Concerto* No. 1 by Bach, and *Sinfonica Concerto* by Mozart. During the program Mr. Earl Berg and Miss Claire Simmons sang several arias from Bach's *Coffee Cantata* and Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The orchestra was made possible by the Music Performers' Trust Fund, and the players were members of the Charlotte Opera Association Orchestra.

Throughout the week an exhibition of fifteen oil paintings by Zulma Parker was on display in the Stultz Building.

The festival was climaxed by the annual May Day pageant on Friday, May 7. May Queen Betty Lipe of Landis, N. C., was crowned by Maid of Honor Barbara Edwards of Decatur, Ill. Members of the Queen's court, dressed in pink, blue, yellow, and lilac, were Phyllis Scutt, Kingsport, Tenn.; Julianne Monts, Newberry, S. C.; Kitty Sue Faulconer, Waynesboro, Va.; Anna McAlpin, Blackshear, Ga.; Bettie Hunter, Charlotte, N. C.; Jane Vick, Raleigh, N. C.; Elizabeth Lucas, Burgaw, N. C.; Mary Virginia Crisler, Roanoke, Alabama; Kay Zeigler, Jacksonville, Fla.; Emilia Hutchinson, Elizabethtown,

N. C.; Joanna Adams, Gastonia, N. C.; Mary Jack Rolston, Richmond, Va.; Barkley Thomas, Sanford, N. C.; Barbara Minogue, Charlotte, N. C.; Nancy Irwin, Eureka, N. C.; and Shirley Ferrell, Charlotte, N. C.

After the coronation the May Dell was transformed into a land of imagination. The pageant which was presented in honor of the Queen was based on Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite*. Elizabeth Lane, Montgomery, Ala., played the part of Marie, who is the little daughter of a burgomaster and whose favorite birthday gift is a nutcracker. When she discovers that it is broken, she falls down to weep, goes to sleep, and has a fantastic dream. The nutcracker was played by Carolyn Cooper of Mooresville, N. C. Nancy Payne, Charlotte, N. C., played the Prince Charming into which the nutcracker is changed. Among the charming dances of the pageant were "The Dance of the Sugar Plum Fairies," "The Chinese Dancers," "The Dance of the Flutes," "The Dance of the Flowers," and "The March of the Tin Soldiers." The dancers were members of modern and social dancing classes.

Sylvia Turner of Greer, S. C., was the chairman of the May Day program. Jackie Jetton, Charlotte, headed the theme committee and was assisted by Caroline Love, Charlotte, and Marilyn Martin, Hamlet, N. C. Louise Hobson, Piedmont, S. C., was in charge of costumes and worked with Miss Sarah Dunlap and the home economics department; Pat Deady, Roanoke, Va., did much of the art work. Miss Mavis Mitchell, head of the physical education department, supervised the entire program; and Miss Nancy Maples was the choreographer. Credit is due everyone who worked for the festival.

—B. McG.

Upon Reading T. S. Eliot

CAROL STOCKNER

The verse is free,
The thought provoking,
The poet also, too,
How can it be,
Symbolically,
The essence of
Profundity?

Queens Patrons' Group Grows

On Thursday, April 1, thirty-five Queens alumnae attended a luncheon in Morrison Hall. These alumnae met to report on a project that they had recently undertaken, the securing of patrons for Queens. They reported a total of eighty new patrons who had been added in one week.

Last year Dr. C. C. Jernigan instituted a plan which became known as the Queens College Patrons' Group; and the project was strongly endorsed by the members of the Board of Trustees, who were to secure patrons for the group. In the middle of February, 1954, H. H. Everett, acting president, invited friends of Queens to become patrons. He explained to them that patrons would have a part in the work of Queens College through annual gifts of a hundred dollars or more. Participation was decided upon a calendar year basis with the members being notified of their patronage on the first of January. Understood, however, is that a patron could withdraw at anytime. At first one hundred members was set as the goal.

Today many colleges and universities have adopted similar plans because operating expenses have become so great. Mr. Everett feels, as did Dr. Jernigan, the great value that a group of sustaining patrons can have for a college. He has urged alumnae to join the administrators and members of the Board of Trustees in advancing this plan.

To enlarge the Queens Patrons' Group of Charlotte a great deal of time and help was needed. Alumnae were asked to interview persons whose names were on a prepared list and to secure their support as patrons. The meeting on April 1 was to report their success in obtaining patrons. At the luncheon Mr. Everett announced that the total number of patrons now exceeds one hundred. He urged alumnae to complete their goal of one hundred, and he assured them that another one hundred would be secured by members of the Board.

Members of the executive committee of the Board have assisted alumnae in their plan; they are Mr. Everett, William H. Barnhardt, McAlister Carson, George W. Dowdy, James J. Harris, Torrence E. Hemby, Dr. James A. Jones, and C. P. Street. Mrs. H. Watson Stewart has served as chairman of the alumnae committee. Mrs. A. A. Barron, alumnae secretary, Miss Mildred Mical, director of public relations, and

Mr. J. W. Thomson, assistant to the president of the college, have assisted with arrangements. The students of Queens College, wish to thank the alumnae workers, the patrons, and members of the staff and the Board for the effort and time that they have contributed to promote a "greater Queens."

—N. M.

MRS. W. H. BELK ELECTED TRUSTEE



Mrs. William Henry Belk (Mary Irwin, 1901), Charlotte, N. C., was elected a member of the Queens Board of Trustees at a meeting of the board on March 19. Mrs. Belk's election increases alumnae representation on the board to two members, the other being Mrs. S. P. Stowe (Ethel Patrick, 1908), Belmont, N. C.

The recently dedicated Mary Irwin Belk Residence Hall is named in honor of Mrs. Belk, and she is the first alumna to be recognized in this manner. For a number of years the Belk family has had a deep interest in the college. The Chapel, a memorial to Mrs. Belk's husband, the late W. H. Belk, and his brother, the late Dr. John M. Belk, was presented to the college by their associates. Mr. Belk also established a scholarship in the name of Belk Brothers. When the Chapel was dedicated in 1950, silver flower urns were presented by the Alumnae Association in honor of Mrs. Belk.

It is particularly significant that both Mrs. Belk and her mother, the late Mrs. John R. Irwin (Margaret Henderson) received fifty year certificates for loyal

(Continued on page 15)

CATHERINE MARSHALL WILL VISIT QUEENS



The Senior Class has secured Mrs. Catherine Marshall as speaker for Class Day, May 29. She is in great demand as a college speaker. After leaving Queens she will speak at Flora MacDonald College.

Mrs. Marshall is the wife of the late Dr. Peter Marshall, who was minister of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, D. C., and chaplain of the United States Senate before his death in 1949. Mrs. Marshall has compiled a collection of Dr. Marshall's sermons into the book, *Mr. Jones, Meet the Master*. She also has written a book of children's Bible stories. Her real fame, however, rests on a biography of her husband, *A Man Called Peter*.

A publisher asked Mrs. Marshall to write a biography of Dr. Marshall soon after his death. Through a year of work she wrote of her marriage with a famous minister. *A Man Called Peter* was released to the public in the spring of 1951. Since that time the book has remained on the non-fiction best-seller list. Its message has touched the hearts of countless people. The story of Mrs. Marshall's life with her husband is told with warmth and sincerity. In the book the author tells the manner in which she met the problem of grief after the death of a loved one. *A Man Called Peter* is a powerful book about a remarkable man of God. Peter Marshall's ministry is still a dynamic force in the Christian world through the writings of his wife. Mrs. Marshall has revealed his ministry as perhaps no other could have done.

—S. S.

STUDENT LEADERS



In picture left to right are: Mary Lou Johnston, editor of the *Coronet*; Mary Lois Ridings, president of Boarding Student Council; Pat Laird, president of Student Government Association; Lynn Heagney, president of the Recreation Association; Jackie Jetton, president of Day Student Council; Mary McLaney, president of Queens Christian Association.

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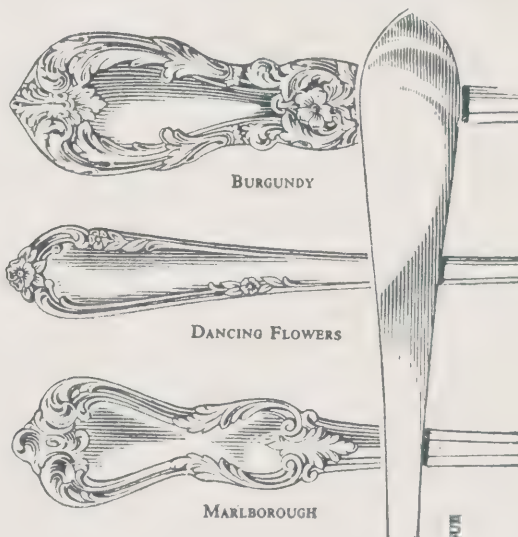


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As We See It

These Things You Will Remember, Senior:

You will remember the red brick buildings as they took on their various personalities in each season—the bare trees in winter and the bleak look of the campus when it rained—the infrequent snows that gave Sorority Row its simple beauty—the rain that washed the flagstones and made them slippery—the wind that blew right through you as you waited for the bus—the sunny days, the rainy days, the fall, the spring, the winter.

Scenes will come back too: the day you arrived at Queens to become a student—the Davidson-Queens freshman dance—your first dance weekend—the wild confusion at the mail boxes—your first F and your first A—the scramble for taxis, cars, buses, trains, and planes at vacation time—the first time you shouted “poor freshmen” to the new freshman class—the day you saw your classmates elected to high offices in student government—the day you moved to the senior section in Ninniss—the mad dash to the bath tub when the girl down the hall came back one night with a fraternity pin—the Christmas that your class came back wearing diamonds—the day Barbara handed Pat the robe, cap, and gavel of the Student Body President—the day Betty was crowned May Queen—the long walk down the aisle to get your diploma—the warm hand that clasped your cold, clammy one and handed you your diploma—the rush into the waiting arms of your family and friends when the coveted, earned sheepskin was yours.

You will remember people too; whenever you hear change rattle, you will remember Dr. Carson and “Now Chillun,”—on every blackboard you will see a long chalk line in the middle reminding you of Miss Taylor’s 101—Mary Lilly’s “Honey, you want an egg this mawnin’?” when you were too sleepy to know what an egg was will remain with you—behind every pair of twinkling eyes you will see Dr. Jernigan—Mr. Everett, our “boy-friend,” Miss Albright, Dean Sweet, your freshman roommate, the maid who cleaned up your dorm, the girl who gave you your first call down, the Boarding Student Council member who came for you the night you got called up.

You will remember special events too; Dr. Jernigan’s inspiring us to get a pool and organizing Quoop—the day Quoop was dissolved and the pool was ours—the day the Student Pool was dedicated to the memory of Dr. J—the dedication of Belk Dorm—the dedication of the gym, Miss Mitchell’s dream-come-true—the minute the sorority bid you wanted came—the day your roommate got tapped into an honorary—the day Miss Harrell left for the Coronation of Elizabeth II—the day you graduated.

You will remember this and growing up.

—M. C.

Self Study?

For the past months we have been in the midst of a self-study program sponsored by the Synod of North Carolina. The students have had an opportunity to express their

opinions about the many phases of life at Queens, of the curriculum, of the equipment available. We have had a opportunity to criticize our college—its failures and its fine features.

Now is the time to extend the self study to ourselves. Our is the opportunity for an education; we need to examine our own attitudes toward study, toward living. If our attitudes are found to be lacking in maturity of judgment, we should revise them. If we are doing our best, then we should be proud of the jobs we are doing as students. For instance, we are proud of the beauty of our campus; but we must do our part to preserve its beauty. Money is being spent to plant boxwoods and to beautify further our campus. This can be a waste of time and money; yet it can make our college home a more attractive and desirable place in which to live.

We are sure that our student body is willing to work for “the greater Queens.” We are, therefore, sure that the Queens student will profit by a self study.

—B. C.

Congratulations, Freshmen

The freshman class of 1957 is to be congratulated for a successful year. The recent lecture and discussion series which they sponsored is to be especially commended. The freshmen have brought in outstanding speakers from Charlotte. To create interest they placed posters around the campus showing a cat killed by curiosity. About a week later the lecture series was announced.

The first program was a discussion between Lillian Kennerly, Bob Van Witzburg, Mustafa Dahir, and Judy Hobbs on the problems faced by young people in all countries. “Morality in Modern-day Living” was the subject of the lecture and discussion by Dr. George Douglas, a marital counselor employed by the city of Charlotte. Mr. Ralph Clontz, a Charlotte lawyer, told of his experiences as a communist for the F.B.I. Dr. Harty Liston, president of Johnson C. Smith University, gave an inspiring talk on “The Position of the American Negro Today.” The final program in the series presented Dr. Lawrence Stell, discussing problems which the Christian student must face.

Another successful project carried out by the freshmen was planned to raise money to pay the lecturers. Everything was from a date with “Olie” to Miss Tillett’s cheese biscuits were auctioned.

Not only are the freshmen planners and executives, they are true scholars. The freshmen have made the highest averages of any class entering Queens, with eight out of the thirty-two on the dean’s list first semester. Furthermore there are many talented girls in the freshman class. A great percentage are especially talented in the field of music and art. In fact, it is the exception rather than the rule to find a freshman without some special gift.

We extend, therefore, our congratulations to the capable, scholarly, and talented freshman class of 1957.

—A. C.

Where Friends Are Dear

The relationship between boarding and day students deserves a special tribute; for although it is not often talked out, it is, nevertheless, recognized and appreciated by both students and faculty. The close friendships that develop between the Charlotte girls and the boarding students keep Queens functioning as a whole, rather than as two separate units—each girl doing her part to make a greater Queens.

The fact that the Charlotte girls spend much of their time on campus creates no barrier to the continuing progress of Queens. Nor does the dormitory life of the boarding students prevent the day students from feeling that they belong to the college, for both kinds of students have a definite function which is essential to the college. The distinctness of the two groups is recognized by the fact that when the girls are not aware of whether or not some of their friends are boarding or day students. This, in itself, is an example of the true Queens spirit—that the girls live up to the ideals which are an important part of a Christian college, and that no rivalry exists between the two groups that would hinder the development of those ideals.

Several factors which go into the making of this gratifying relationship are these: that each girl has an equal chance of the opportunities and privileges which come her way during election time, tappings, and other occasions in which she can take on responsibilities of which she is capable; that the boarding students are most considerate in allowing the day students to use their rooms when it is necessary; and that the day students, in turn, let the boarders use Blair Union when the occasion arises; and that the girls have a chance to know one another through organizations such as honorary fraternities, sororities, and council meetings. These are only a few of the many ways in which boarding and day students become acquainted and develop friendships which become an intimate part of their college days.

The relationship between boarding and day students reflects the success of Queens College.

—K. R.

Ecumenical Or Denominational?

On Sunday night, March 10, new members of the Queens Christian Association cabinet started their work by asking, "What can we do to improve vespers and increase the attendance?" During the course of the meeting many students who had attended their home-church Sunday night meetings and who missed the enthusiasm that was inspired by those meetings suggested the idea that Queens College sponsor denominational vesper groups as a solution to the low attendance. Because of the immediate reaction from students who favored these groups and from those who were afraid that such a move would make Queens more denominationally than ecumenically conscious, *The Blue Quill* is printing the arguments presented on the controversial subject at the March 10 meeting.

When the possibility of a change was first suggested, the immediate reaction of some was that Queens, as a Christian institution in a world badly needing an ecumenical outlook, would be destroying its goal and many of its ideals by becoming more denominationally conscious. Too many divisions exist already, argued this group. By establishing reli-

gious denominational groups on Sunday nights, we are losing the ideal that the church is universal, that all may worship God together in one common bond, and that only a united world will bring peace. With the Queens Christian Association backing this ecumenical outlook, we are practicing this ideal and reaching toward the goal for world peace. Besides, argued this group, why not improve vespers and increase the attendance in other ways, other than destroying the outlook that Q.C.A. is trying to instill in Queens? If such groups were established on the campus, what would happen to the few students who would not be interested in attending one of the larger denominational groups?

Although the majority of students present at the March 10 vesper meeting were sympathetic to this ecumenical outlook, they questioned the practical value of it, as far as raising the attendance and inspiring campus vespers is concerned. Of course, we want an ecumenical world and Queens, as a Christian institution, contributing to this goal. Yet, they added, look at the five per cent of the student body who weekly attend vespers. Why is it that no other boarding students attend, that no men day students and few women day students ever attend, and that so many of us look wistfully back on the Sunday night programs held at home and on other college campuses and wish that Queens had vesper services more like them. Nearly all college campuses have a Westminster Fellowship group, a Wesley Foundation, a Baptist Training Union, and an Episcopal Youth League. If Queens had these organizations on its campus, continued this group, probably some day students and more boarders would attend. Most would welcome a chance to develop in the organization of their own denomination on the campus for at least two or three Sunday nights a month and then to unite together for the other meetings. The need for such groups is so great in this area that perhaps, later on, students our age from the nursing and business schools and from Charlotte College would welcome a chance to worship with others of their own denomination on Sunday nights.

Members of *The Blue Quill* would welcome the opinions of its readers on this controversial subject. Although a decision would take the time and sincere thought of years, yet, judging by the five per cent of students attending vespers, students should have many suggestions for improving the meetings. The Queens Christian Association and our Christian college itself cannot proceed in its work without your help and interest backing all spiritual activities.

—M. A. B.

Love's Labor — Not Lost

KATHRYN ROGERS

Love passed me once;
I did not heed its call.
For I was young,
And did not care at all.

Love passed again
When I was in my prime.
But I refused;
Said I, "I've lots of time."

Love comes again;
And this time I shall grab it.
For if I wait,
I'll be too old to nab it!

BROWSING ♦ ♦ ♦

THE SCHOLAR, THE STRANGER

Wolfe, Thomas: *Look Homeward, Angel*, Grosset & Dunlap, New York: 1929, 626 pp.

A controversial classic, *Look Homeward, Angel*, is Thomas Wolfe's compelling story of a strange, but talented boy and his search for a place in the conventional society into which he was born. The extreme subjectivity of the work is convincing as it is actually, to a considerable extent, an account of the author's own early life and reactions, and of those of his family. Although the names of people and places have been changed, the book is obviously concerned with Wolfe's native Asheville and the varied assortment of individuals with whom he came in contact there.

Eugene Gant was the youngest child in a large, undistinguished, but individualistic family, the head of which had migrated in his youth from Pennsylvania to the mountain town of Altamont and there established a small stone-cutting business. The mother of the family, Eliza, was of local stock—a shrewd business woman and boardinghouse manager, whose main interest was the acquisition and possession of property. She felt that she understood none of her children: Steve, dissipated and "no good"; Ben, the "quiet one"; Luke, outgoing, generous, the "good fellow"; Daisy, sensitive and married early; Helen, in temperament like, and the favorite of, her father; and Eugene, the "scholar," the "Stranger." Over this brood towered the tall, thin, powerful figure of "old Gant": tempestuous, even violent in his demands and actions, especially during periodic drinking bouts. He did possess a love and knowledge of literature, however, which left a lasting impression on his youngest son.

This was the household in which Eugene was reared; one torn by friction, outbursts of temper, and differences in temperament and personality, but held together by a fierce loyalty and love. Although the boy revolted inwardly against his surroundings, he learned to hide his feelings in a world of school activities, paper routes, and summer trips, and through reading every book in the local library. As he grew and developed, he learned of life and love, and at the State University, where he became editor of

the college paper and the magazine, his literary leanings were finally realized.

Although the structure of *Look Homeward, Angel* is indefinite and the author frequently departs into long passages of vivid description and intricate thought processes, the story is unified by that wealth of humor and tragedy found in any family history. Wolfe's extreme intensity of style gives an urgency and force to even the most commonplace happenings, and his realistic, often uncomplimentary characterizations are never uninteresting. In his depiction of the personality of Eugene Gant, however, Wolfe presents an unforgettable glimpse into the mind and heart of a genius.

—Ann Woods

THE STORY OF MARY CURTIS LEE

Kane, Harnett T.: *The Lady of Arlington*, Doubleday & Company, New York: 1953, 288 pp.

The Lady of Arlington is the story of Mary Curtis Lee and how her great devotion to her famous husband helped him through victory and defeat. Harnett T. Kane's interesting and poignant style makes this book a current best-selling novel, giving the biographical picture of the life which Mary and Robert E. Lee led together.

The reader sees the gaunt young West Point man as he courts the lovely and much sought-after Mary Curtis. He sees the way in which, even in the face of her family's opposition, Mary was determined to become Robert's wife. He sees their happy years spent in Arlington, where secession was only a murmur heard far away. He feels the pain and suffering accompanying the rheumatic condition which Mary developed in her younger life and which remained with her through the rest of her years. The reader experiences Mary's deep feeling of sadness as she watches her husband and sons go off to a war which sets brother against brother.

The joyful, but brief reunions during the war years; the tragedy of defeat and surrender; the satisfaction found in building a new life when Robert became president of the university later named in his honor; the expectations and fail-

ures of everyday living; the inspiring love story of two people—all are vividly portrayed by Mr. Kane in his story of one of America's greatest ladies—*The Lady of Arlington*.

—Marthann Coleman

A QUAKER SCHOOLMARM WRITES HER STORY

Vining, Elizabeth Gray: *Windows for the Crown Prince*, J. B. Lippincott Philadelphia and New York: 1953, 320 pp.

"Religion must be caught before it can be taught . . ." So wrote Mrs. Elizabeth Gray Vining, the modest Quaker schoolmarm, who writes of her tutoring procedure and experiences with Japanese young Crown Prince Akihito in her book, *Windows for the Crown Prince*. The selection of Mrs. Vining by the Imperial Household itself surprised General MacArthur and the Allied Forces in Japan, who had not expected that the Emperor would choose an American tutor for the education of his eldest child. The source of the request, however, and the simple, unaffected hospitality of the Emperor and Empress during her four-year sojourn in Japan convinced Mrs. Vining that she should write a book describing Japan as she saw it, thus raising America's esteem in the conquered nation.

Mrs. Vining writes of the Japanese as a brave, undernourished people who fight kindly, rather than resentful, toward their Western conquerors. The Emperor, long an instrument of the State, feels his freedom keenly and mingles freely with his people. No longer is his respect won from loyalty, rather than from affection. An aesthetic people whose love of beauty transcends a desire for power, the Japanese have returned to Christianity and their former Shintoism (polluted by the modern state Shinto that claimed the Emperor a god) who worships various forms of nature.

Although Mrs. Vining was criticized for not directly teaching the theories of Christianity and democracy to the imperial children, she practices the doctrine of the American Friends Service C

mittee that principles are learned through observation and that an American representative should expose, through practice, the best she knows to her foreign acquaintances.

As the successful author of eleven books for children and a member of the American Friends Service Committee during World War II, Mrs. Vining was well qualified to accept the challenge given her. She entered the Imperial Household with the unhappy realization that she was to be treated in the luxurious fashion of a conqueror and was to receive \$2,000 per year, outside of all expenses—an amount which far exceeded the meager salary drawn by Japanese tutors in the Imperial Household. Upon learning that she was to teach English to Prince Akihito privately once a week and the Prince and other children eight hours a week in various subjects, Mrs. Vining depended greatly on her Japanese colleagues who were "prompt, scrupulous, and generous" and who were not jealous or resentful, although they "received less and worked more."

Even though her students could understand only her expression and not her words, she wanted to share with the native tutors in preparing the Japanese youth in their great task of preventing war. In her class procedure Mrs. Vining taught entirely by acting and drawing pictures. Because Japanese classes are more unruly than American classes are, Mrs. Vining, early realizing that she could not pronounce all the Japanese proper names of her students, gave them American nicknames to maintain order and to put the Crown Prince on an equal footing with his classmates. The intellectual honesty of the Crown Prince especially impressed Mrs. Vining; he never accepted the slightest bit of knowledge unless he understood it thoroughly. Although he and his three younger sisters required weeks of concentration to understand the most simple of English expressions, at the end of the four-year session they were reading *Julius Caesar*.

As long ago as 1948 Mrs. Vining was alarmed that the idealism of Communism was drawing crowds of college students who believed that the sacrificing of oneself for humanity is noble. Although propaganda was spread and posters ridiculing capitalism were allowed to be posted by the streets, Mrs. Vining records that General MacArthur forced the Red Labor Party to permit no strikes. His stern authority was respected by the Japanese people; all of them watched his efforts in education and rebuilding

Japan and regarded him as their liberator.

When Mrs. Vining completed her work in 1950, she was awarded membership in the Third Order of the Sacred Crown, an honor usually awarded to princesses. Back again in the United States, she says that her satisfaction in her completed work in Japan is clouded with the regret that Japanese children are once again joining an established army and that the rehabilitated Japan is being forced to take sides in the Korean issue.

—Marjorie Blankenship

AN ALARMING FIVE MINUTES

GRACE HAGER

Without warning—as quick as a summer's thunderstorm—comes a sudden burring noise blasting through the stillness of the grey shaded room, sending awakening sensations penetrating the atmosphere of deep sleep. Slowly a feeble, fumbling finger, seemingly automatic, reaches out from beneath the clouds of warm quilts and blankets vainly attempting to smash this mechanized "rain" of terror which has dared to disturb a mortal in his precious slumber.

A few stirring motions, a rise and a fall, all a part of a morning ritual of braving the elements. Suddenly a swift cold breeze sweeps through the open window and sends a startling blow to the upright figure. A quick flee! A dive for the covers! Refuge—bracing the waves of lightning chills.

Then as aftermath comes the thunder of echoes—the crow of a rooster across the way, the clash of milk bottles as the milkman makes his deliveries, the thump of the *Charlotte Observer* as the newsboy throws it against the front screen, a slamming door, clash of pots and pans, the muffled tones of Grady Cole, the soothing aroma of bacon frying—and then—silence.

The past five storming minutes were unable to revive vigor and vitality within a poor tired college student, but prove only to be just a soothing lullaby for forty more winks.

"AFTER LIGHTS" In Room 107 of South Dorm

GINNY HOLLEY

Noises of night floated into the semi-darkness of the room. Through the open window came a breeze full of the hint of spring. It stirred the bushes growing nearby, and, with the help of a lonely streetlamp, set flickering, ghostly shadows dancing on the pale pink wall. The few remaining dry leaves scratched the ground as they scurried along.

Somewhere upstairs water was running. A chair scraped. The front door slammed and clicked as the night watchman made his final check. Footsteps echoed up the hall, causing the tired floor boards to creak and groan as the house president made her nightly rounds.

From the adjoining room sounds of hushed voices crept under the door. Occasionally they rose with excited giggles, then became suddenly quiet as does the air after a rumble of thunder during a summer shower. The radio was tuned to a program of sentimental music, the kind that can quickly flood a happy laugh with a sudden ache or memory.

From far away came the quiet hum of the night's never-ceasing traffic. Inside the room all was quiet except for the sizzling of the radiator. Occasionally there came a slight moan from the restless form in the bed, then the even breathing once more. These sounds prevailed; yet the night seemed still.

MRS. BELK

(Continued from page 14)

alumnae service. Mrs. Belk received this honor when her class held its fiftieth reunion in 1951, and her mother's certificate was presented in 1928.

Last year, children of Mrs. Belk presented to the college a gift of \$120,000 toward the construction of the residence hall which now bears her name.

When Red Roses Bloom

An Elegy Written in Memory of C. C. Jernigan

DAVY-JO STRIBLING

It's spring again;
Red roses bloom.
Their buds nod
Along the walk,
Beckoning someone
To snip their stems;
Waiting for the measured tread
Of one who loves them;
Longing for the crystal vase
On the scholar's desk;
Yearning for staccato shouts
Of father and son at play;
Welcoming the May night's dew
To freshen them for a wife
On the morrow.

He will not snip
The roses this spring.
The red buds will unfold
Unseen.
The fading petals will shed
On weeded grass.
The scholar's books
Are packed away
With other memories.
The tread is of one
Who has no love
For red roses.
The crystal vase is shattered
Among other dreams
Of last spring.
The son bounces his ball
Against a neighbor's fence.
The dew will freshen the roses,
But their fragrance will waste
In a vacant garden.

Another will walk
Beside the nodding blooms
This spring.
But red roses
Will bloom for him
Who is not here
To snip their stems.
And so I cut this bud
For him
And leave it
On his lonely desk.

I hear his voice
When red roses bloom.
From whence it comes
I know not.
Sometimes it speaks
From a time-worn book
With his name engraved
On the leaf.
Again in sobbing rain



His command I hear
'Midst gathering gloom.
But I hear him most
When I often talk
With a friend
Who to him was dear.

I see him pass
When red roses bloom.
A glimpse I spy
Of his vanishing form
As it rounds
A far-away corner.
But as closer I come
With heart beating fast
Another in his stance
I see.

Then I force myself
To return to the moment
From floating mist.
His tread I hear;
His form no more will see.

I listen for his laugh
When red roses bloom.
He found such depth
In simple things
That to others seemed
Problems of a child.
And oftentimes
He calmed my fears.
My worries he took
For his own.
My problems, unsolved,
Are now all mine.
He is gone—
And my tears dampen
This withering red rose.

I feel him close
When red roses bloom
As I ponder
Over old books.
When I walk alone
In the dusky dark,
A part of young life's curse,
I know he is there
By the warmth I feel
When I search
For his hand—
But in vain.

I feel him nearest
When marching together
With robes of midnight hue.
At procession's end
I know he walks.
His surplice purple
And tassel gold
Beyond my true vision
I see.

I ask of myself
When red roses bloom
Why he who loved them
Should not be here
To snip their thorny stems.
Why should he go
When there are those
Whose lives no value have
But yet remain
To idly watch
The roses go to seed?
Why should he go
Who needed life
To see his dreams
Come true?
His life was more
To this somber sphere
Than mine can ever prove;
Yet, alive, I sadly hold
A slender red bud
Cut for his memory.

When red roses bloom,
I will always seek
An answer for his death.
I will not find it
In the spring of this—
The first sad year.
My life is short.
I have not lived
Enough to answer why;
But when my years equal
The roses on his bier,
My answer may be
Clear and strong.
Yet in my youth
I am consoled
With thoughts of
What he did.
His deeds become
To me light
For my ambition's path.
By his steps,
Echoing in the midst,
I will be guided.

Living my life
A challenge will be
Because his dreams
Are now my own.
But each year
In the spring
Red roses bloom, and
I will pause to cut a bud
For him who died,
And leave it
On his lonely desk.

MR. EVERETT . . . our president

(Continued from page 5)

from the best families. I have been impressed by the morale, pep, and the personality of the student body. I have found our students strong in co-operation with each other, with the faculty, and with the administration."

"Queens' greatest physical asset," Mr. Everett says, "is the David Owens Physical Education building, since it will influence the city of Charlotte. Queens has now a service to offer the city of Charlotte. The gym should appeal to day students. With the exception of boarding away from home, I see no excuse for a girl to leave Charlotte for school when she can attend Queens."

Mr. Everett's next dream for Queens is a library building. "It's not too far away. Where there's a will, there's a way!" Mr. Everett's enthusiasm exhibits a will!

Mr. Everett's idea of education is that every girl should come to Queens or a college similar to Queens. "It is the responsibility of every girl to prepare herself to earn a living and to be of service to her community in civic, cultural, and church affairs. Most important, however, is that she be able to earn a living in a way most pleasant to her. A girl is never totally secure; for when she's married, her financial support can disappear over night. All college women should realize that training and character are the only stable things which they carry into mature life."

When asked for his philosophy of life, Mr. Everett stated, "First of all, the Golden Rule. My second philosophy

is trying to be of service to others." Mr. Everett's second philosophy is evidenced by his community service to Charlotte and by his interest in Queens. In his dealings with Queens students, faculty, and administrative problems, Mr. Everett shows his first philosophy.

Although one of the trustees has often jokingly commented that the college pays Mr. Everett exactly what he is worth—nothing (he donates his time to Queens as president), Queens students feel that what he has done for the college during the year of his presidency can not be repaid by any amount of money. Because of the work, interest and love Mr. Everett has shown as an administrator at Queens this year, the students can rightfully call him "Mr. President."

—Davy-Jo Stribling

POINT OF VIEW

CAROL STOCKNER

Effervescent youth,
What will you have?
All things, he laughs.

Stolid citizen,
What do you want?
Myself, he smiles?

Senescent man,
What would you desire?
My life, he sighs.

THE BLUE QUILL STAFF



In picture left to right are: Katherine Rogers, *Literary Editor*; Frankie Compton, *Business Manager*; Mary Louise Duffie, *Make-up Editor*; Amanda Adams, *News Editor*; Betty Cross, *Editor-in-Chief*.

TRAGIC FLAW

DAVY-JO STRIBLING

Have you ever painted a picture
And hung it up to dry?
And when you came back again
To feel the hardening sky,
You left your finger print
Upon the picture clear
Nor all the wishes of that moment
Can brush away the smear.

Thus it is when humans hold
Their fellows up to judge.
We overlook their loyal acts
To point out that one smudge
Which on the canvas has been made,
But if you hold it far away,
The one blot may be dear
To your memories on a later day:
It will be a treasure to recall
And place within a simple frame
To hang forever from your wall.

STUDENTS DO VOLUNTEER WORK

Many Queens students are doing volunteer work in the communities of Charlotte. Some are teaching Sunday School; others are helping in the local hospitals.

The members and alumnae of the Alpha Delta Pi sorority have been doing volunteer work at the Mercy Hospital. The girls read stories and play with the patients in the children's ward. They also sell candy, chewing gum, and cigarettes in various other wards.

Many girls are teaching Sunday School in churches throughout the city. Jane Thomas, Joyce Burrier, Ginger Allen, Ruth Nicholas, and Paula Barlow teach at the Myers Park Methodist Church. Teaching at the First Presbyterian Church are Margaret Smith, Susan Blondell, Cynthia Blue, and Mary Helen McCord. Lynne Barnes teaches at Myers Park Presbyterian Church. Subette Shelby and Betty Bowen teach at the Trinity Presbyterian Church. Lois Ann Scott and Mary Louise Duffie sing in the Trinity choir. Virginia Epes is at the Caldwell Memorial Church; and Hepsy Greer, at the Myers Park Baptist Church.

—E. N.



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floor shops

MONTALDO'S

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POETRY

Terces Takes Time To Talk



The dorm is quiet; so I write,
And introduce myself tonight.
I talked with Hector yesterday,
And he with tear-stained eye did say,

"Dear Terces, I'm appointing you
To take my pen and carry through
The work that I have left behind—
The job which I must now resign.

"Your ears are sharp; your eyes are keen,
And you, like I, cannot be seen.
Your writings henceforth may relate
The campus news; that is your fate."

Then Hector blew his little nose,
And with a smile the deal was closed.
(And though my throat had *such* a lump,
I pinched his tail to see him jump!)

Before I left, he said to me,
"There is a lot to do, you see,
Like writing of our swimming pool
And other things about the school.

"And then, of course, I hope you're bent
On knowing our new president,
And sneaking through the dorms at night
In finding things on which to write.

"Just one more thing before you go—
There is a friend that you should know.
It's Happy—she will be most kind
In bringing news that she may find.

"Although at times she does look sad,
I know she will be more than glad
To start you off along your course
And bring you news from every source."

I ran right then to Burwell Hall
And had to stay right near the wall;
For oh! it seemed a thousand feet
Would trample me ('twas time to eat)!

Then with an awful gasp I stopped,
And to the floor I slowly dropped.
Sweet Happy was a-lying there,
Her little feet stuck in the air.

"O friend, come back to life," I cried.
And then I fancied that she sighed.
Alas! I thought the dog was *dead*;
And when she moved, was my face red!

We talked and laughed in merry fun.
I knew her heart I now had won.
She'll help me to the very end—
A faithful dog, a true-blue friend!

But I must stick to things at hand
And let my readers understand
Just how I look and where I live,
And how I write my narrative.

My name is Terces, as you know;
And I in silent secret go.
To be unknown is thus my aim.
(For further proof, reverse my name!)

I am no bigger than a sneeze;
On morning dew I live with ease.
Throughout the seasons, as a rule,
My home is in Diana's Pool.

My ears are trained to catch each word.
I always jot down what I've heard.
And just so I will do my best,
I keep a pencil in my vest.

Which brings me now to what I chose
To wear—a striking suit of clothes;
Green vest, red shirt, and-dotted tie,
And purple pants to catch the eye!

I wear brown shoes with pointed toes,
And glasses sit upon my nose.
(With glasses I look *very* wise,
And keep the sparkle in my eyes.)

I set my stories down in rhyme,
And change the pattern every time.
So here's a warning, not a curse:
You may read what *you've* said—in *verse*!

And now that I am introduced
And future plans have been produced,
You know my verse will henceforth teem
With campus news—my only theme.

So watch for me; I'm always near.
Your words cannot escape my ear.
Your inner thoughts I always learn;
So watch for me—I *shall* return!

Creed

DICK BURTON

Lonely?
Yes, I am lonely.
I feel the loneliness of strength—
The strength to create beyond myself,
The loneliness of walking in my own way—
In leading my life as I wish,
The loneliness of loving all things beautiful,
The loneliness of being in a world gone mad.

Free?
Yes, I am free.
I conform not to the ways of my fellows;
And to them I am strange.
I conform not to the things that are wrong—
Prejudice, falsehood, deceit.
I am free in my virility,
And that freedom I shall jealously guard.

Jealous?
Yes, I am jealous.
I am jealous of the fire that is in me—
That fire of creation, love of beauty,
Strength of body and mind.
I shall fight to keep them alive and burning bright.
This is my heritage of manhood,
And to this heritage I shall give my all.
Body, mind, strength—
For the protection of these my jealousy strains.

Love?
Yes, I love.
I love all men who breathe the air.
I love them all, though they understand me not.
For these, all that is in me springs up in defense.
All men may find in me understanding and compassion.
Why? For they are human as am I.

In my loneliness, freedom, jealousy, and love
I have found the truth of being a unique individual.
In these lie manhood.
Manhood—the utimate.
In this I have found my creed,
And for this I have pledged myself.

Opus 3

CAROLYN LeGETTE

entacles down-clucked in the womb of the massive globe—
tting out, then up—twigs regressing, limbs falling, trunks
rotting—
perfect growth, indefensibly marked by years and winds—
inds incalculable, and yet the life-will, first out, then up—
are and find rough gnarls.
rasp the entity and find beauty.

Sonnet For Anna

KATHRYN ROGERS

She filled my life with sunshine when she came;
And with her love, entwined around my heart
Too pure a soul to bear an earthly name.
No force of man nor world could ever part
The sisterhood that binds us with a love
Of elevated joy; a love sublime
That lifts its wings and rises far above
The common ground of human earth and time.
Her life is love, and honor is her mate;
The laughter in her eyes is purity.
The kindness in her heart I captivate,
And hold the treasure more than dear to me.
I thank my God for sending from above
The greatest gift—my sister and her love.

All These

DICK BURTON

Give yourself a dream;
Give yourself a destiny.
Make your goal as high as you are able;
Make yourself surge upward toward it.

What dream?
What goal?
The height of intellect, the breadth of understanding,
The warmth of love.
Aim high; aim true; aim for life.

Give yourself a dream,
And you give yourself reality.

The Moon's Reign

MARY McLANEY

Serene in majesty the moon
Sails through the midnight sky.
The glory of her reign comes soon,
A glory come to die.
The stars in envy low commune—
They speak no words, but sigh.

Her beauty high comes but to wane
When black the midnight sky.
Her rule is real—but short her reign,
For time tells her to die.
The stars in gladness sing again,
Their words a joyful cry.

NOW AND WHEN?

WORTH SPEARMAN

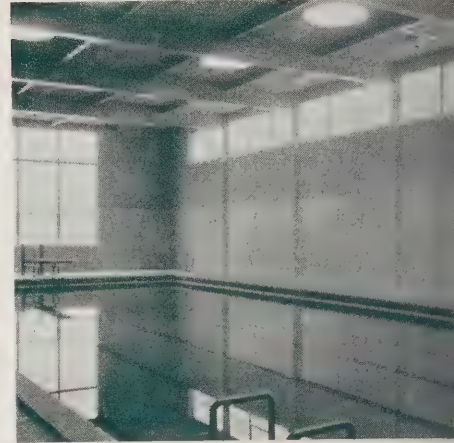
I must have been an adventuresome child. I remember a time long ago when I got a whipping every noon time for a week. I don't remember for what I got those six whippings—a little rock through someone's basement window, I think—but they began on Monday and ended after the Saturday one. I remember that very well. My parents loved me very much, but they *would* whip me when I indulged myself on some head-long exploit.

But it really was Mose who did all my devilment for me. My constant companion, Mose was an invisible little colored boy. It was Mose—mind you, I'm not sure it was a rock or even a basement window—who threw that rock, if anybody did. It was Mose who knocked over my glass of milk every meal; it was Mose who wanted a drink of water in the middle of the night; it was Mose who broke anything that got broken when only I was around; and, above all, it was Mose who mysteriously managed to wet my bed while I was asleep. Mose even got blamed for giving my tricycle

a push the time I rode my tricycle into the natural springs reservoir in Roanoke, Virginia. The watchman pulled me out very quickly; and I cried, which is what all children do when reality overruns the imagination; and mother cried, which is what all mothers do when they can't prevent reality from overrunning the imagination, but she is what made me stop crying, because I thought the little man in the black suit with the shiny buttons had had to pull her out too. And under the clear-crystal water the old rowboat on the mossy green chain went right on rocking gently on the white sandy bottom.

I no longer have time to dash off on a furtive errand with Mose, or ride my tricycle in the autumn afternoon, but I wonder. Do you suppose that wonderful green rowboat is still tied by its long green chain and rocking gently on the bottom? I wonder. I'll ask Mose.

The Student Pool dedicated to the memory of Dr. Charlton C. Jernigan will be dedicated on Friday, May 21 at 12:15 P.M.



IMPENDING DEATH

NELDA M. CLEMENTS

There once was a little gray rat
Who coughed when he swallowed a
gnat.

I guess he would die
If he ate a fly
Or got caught by a big black cat.

You always meet your friends
when you shop at

E. Fird's
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COMPLETE TRUST

MARY RUCKER

Dr. McAuley sat in his spacious office on the second floor of the professional building. His brow was wrinkled, indicating that he was thinking very seriously about something.

Being one of the few doctors in the fairly small town of Gathville made Dr. McAuley one of the most respected men in the community. He and his family, which was composed of his wife and four boys, were members of the Baptist church. The two older boys were students at the state university; the whole town was proud of their achievements. Dr. and Mrs. McAuley were both active in civic clubs. They had friends in quite often at their huge, white colonial home in one of the older residential sections of the town.

On Wednesday afternoons Dr. McAuley played golf with one of the outstanding lawyers in the state, Mr. Carter. They had become good friends when Mr. Carter had chosen an office location next door to Dr. McAuley's. They very often did things together because they had the same views and ideas on so many things.

There had been quite a bit of discussion in Gathville about hypnosis since "Hubert the hypnotist" had appeared at the grammar school. It was the leading topic of conversation in the barber shop as Dr. McAuley, Mr. Carter, Mr. Parker, the banker, and barber Greene were talking.

"I just don't understand," said Mr. Greene as he labored over Mr. Parker's almost bald head, "how anybody has the power to put somebody in a trance that-a-way and make them do crazy things like those people did. It seems like magic to me."

Mr. Parker awoke from his half-asleep at this point and opened his eyes. "I'm telling you, you will never find me volunteering to go up on a stage and be made a fool of the way Jim Pearson was. You should have seen him, Bob," he said to Mr. Carter. "He was up there dancing around in that ass skirt like he was a real Hawaiian."

"What really tickled me, though," continued Mr. Parker, "was Jack Evans trying to sing like Bing Crosby. Everybody knows he can't carry a tune in a bucket. Why, they won't even let him sing in the church choir because he throws everybody else off key so bad."

The barber at the other chair had just finished with Dr. McAuley and was brushing off his coat. Dr. McAuley paid the barber and then turned to Mr. Carter.

"Bob, how about coming by the office in the morning if you have a spare moment. I'd like to talk to you about something."

"Sure, I'll be in about nine o'clock, and I'll drop by to see you before I open up."

"Good, I'll see you then, and I'll see you fellows next week."

Dr. McAuley left and started across the street to his car. He knew he had an appointment the next morning at nine, and he also knew that Mrs. Knight would not be on time. He had been coming for the past three weeks complaining about what she thought was heart trouble. He had examined her thoroughly and could find nothing wrong with her heart. In fact, her heart was in much better condition than it was at the present time, for his had been weaker ever since the last attack about a year ago.

The next morning was one which looked as if it were fit for nothing except sleeping. The rain made the old buildings of the town look grey and dirty as Dr. McAuley drove to his office. Margaret, his nurse, was standing at the door when he arrived.

"Good morning, Dr. McAuley. I was beginning to think I was going to have to get the janitor to open up for me. This rain must have made driving slow."

"Yes, it did, and I was late starting, too. How full are we booked up today?"

"Not too full yet, but we'll probably be busy enough."

About nine o'clock Bob poked his head through the door and laughingly said, "Good morning, Doc. I was just wondering if you could do anything for this here broken toe. It's been giving me a heap of trouble since Bessie, the old cow, stepped on it last night."

"I might be able to fix it up," laughed McAuley. "Come on in and have a seat."

Bob entered the office and sat down.

"Now, just what is it that you want to talk to me about? It must be pretty important."

"Well, Bob, I've been thinking about that hypnosis the boys were talking about in the barber shop yesterday. You know, I believe I could hypnotize someone."

"Listen here, what's the matter with you? I've never heard you talk this way before."

"I'm serious, Bob. I believe I could."

"Was your point in asking me to come by to see if I would be your guinea pig? If so, I will volunteer my services."

"Are you sure you want to do this? You don't have to. I just want to experiment."

"I'm sure. I believe I can trust you. When do you want to try?"

"Let's give up golf next Wednesday afternoon, and I'll try then. Does that suit you? If I'm not successful, we can play a short game anyway."

"That suits me fine. I'd better be getting to the office; I see you already have a waiting-room full. See you Wednesday, Bill."

Mr. Carter left the office, and Dr. McAuley called for his first patient, Mrs. Knight.

The week passed and both men went about their regular work. Wednesday afternoon arrived, and both men were sitting in the doctor's office.

"Your experimenter is ready and raring. What do you want me to do?"

"Sit in this chair. You're still sure you don't mind going through with this?"

"Of course not; let's go!"

"Look me straight in the eyes and concentrate on what I'm saying. You're going to sleep, Bob, sleep--sleep--s-l-e-e-p."

This continued for about five minutes until Carter's eyes took on a glassy, lifeless stare.

"Can you hear me, Bob?"

Bob nodded his head.

"Will you do exactly what I say?"

Bob nodded his head again.

Dr. McAuley took the small pistol from the drawer in which he always kept it and laid it on the table.

He spoke to Carter slowly and distinctly.

"I want you to take this gun, Bob, go down the stairs, across the street and shoot the policeman who usually stands on the corner. Can you do this?"

In response, Bob rose, took the gun, and started out the door. Dr. McAuley followed close behind. His forehead was wet with perspiration. He knew now that what he thought he could do he had done. He had no intention of letting Bob go through with the plan. But suddenly he felt a sharp, stabbing pain. He realized what it was as a feeling of suffocation came over him.

Thoughts of what would happen raced through his mind. He knew that he was the only one who could ever break the trance. He would try to stop Bob by wounding him in the leg. Perhaps this would break the trance, too. Dr. McAuley did not know, but it was certainly worth a try. With effort he took the gun from his friend's hand, aimed at the moving legs as well as he could, and fired. The shot echoed down the hall. Instead of hitting Bob in the leg, however, it struck him just above his left ear. He fell with a sounding thud on the cold tile floor. With pains of agony and despair, Dr. McAuley fell; his body draped across the figure of his friend. Both lay dying because of the curiosity of the one and the complete trust of the other.

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MARY E. MONSON

If one has the curiosity that kills the cat, the time that passes all understanding, and the patience of poor old Job, he can acquire a liberal education free, gratis, and without charge on the campus of Queens College. This service is freely and generously dealt out in what we know as the "Soda Shop." Here mighty and weighty problems are discussed, and the solutions are never found wanting.

One does not need to pursue the difficult subjects of history, philosophy, English, and Bible if he possesses an attentive ear and the power of mental absorption. All the answers can be found around the crowded tables in the smoke-filled shop—that is, if he will take the trouble to move his coffee and cigarette from table to table as the subject progresses.

Another source of knowledge may come from the well-filled magazine rack. This service is for one who does not wish to engage in the current discussions or decides that it is too ill to attend the next class. He may help himself to five or six of the latest editions, carry them to his table, and surely browse through them, and return them to their respective places in the rack. For this service, no exchange of funds between the customer and the patient proprietress has ever been known to take place.

A tidal wave of humanity flows in and out of this small but important place. The noise of the juke-box, the clattering of the dishes, and the loud exchange of greetings serve to add zest and vitality to the tempo.

An unusual note of informality, accompanied by a feeling of an all-embracing freedom to use the shop as an outlet for the emotions, prevails. An ecstatic squeal comes from the back of the room as a student opens a letter containing the confirmation of her next date. A tale of woe comes from a sophomore who has just failed her first test.

Here all the known freedoms abound in all their glory. There is an extreme total absence of restraint noticed in the assertion of this rich heritage of ours.

PARTING COMES NOW SOON

BETTY CROSS

I

The moonlight's slivers penetrate the maze of leaves
As the breeze
Coughs a moment's warning to my waiting soul,
Not yet bold
Enough to clasp so close the warm and selfish heart—
Minds apart,
Forgotten in a beam's illuminating light
Through the night.

II

A lonely earth receives a welcomed, hidden tear,
And the sear
Of passion's fire burnt-out as parting comes now soon,
And the moon
In refuge of forgetfulness will waning slide,
And abide
Behind the clouds, a saddened light, to there remain
In her shame.

THE OLD LADY

PAT BISHOP

She was just an ordinary little old lady. At first glance she seemed to be one of that variety who spend their days surrounded by doting children and many small, happy grandchildren. On close inspection, however, one could see the years of hard work which were beginning to show behind her twinkling eyes and happy smile.

Most people in the bustling throngs that hurried by the little corner where she stood each day scarcely noticed her, but there were some who did. She was a friend of the children and the young lovers who often stopped to buy her small bouquets of fresh flowers. She could be found on her corner every day, surrounded by the beauty and fragrance of the flowers. This was her life, and she was happy in it.

At the day's end when she hurried home to her small, parlor room, it was always with a sense of happy anticipation. She did not know exactly when she had this feeling, but she knew that there would be nothing new or exciting to meet her. Still, she always hoped. She lived alone—not quite alone, either, for she was the proud owner of a small cat. It was a very ordinary cat of the alley species, but they got along beautifully. While the old lady relaxed with her cup of tea, the cat would sit on the arm of her chair and make happy purring noises and, at the same time, wave his lime-like tail in the air. Sometimes the old lady would talk to the cat, telling him of the things that she had seen and heard that day. She thought that he was a very intelligent and well-mannered cat, for it seemed to her that he always listened quietly with an expression of interest on his face.

There are many who would find fault with life if they did not to be satisfied with the old lady's lot, but not she. While she was not devoutly religious, the idea of God frightened her a little. She gave thanks to Him each night for the small blessings that she had. Then, with a feeling of contentment and satisfaction, she turned over and went to sleep. She lived in this fashion from day to day, always secure in the knowledge that her life would follow the same pattern.

The most exciting time of the year to her was the week before Easter. This was her busiest season, and she loved the feeling of reverence and anticipation that came with the season. Everyone was happy, and there seemed to be an expectant air about the people who passed her corner.

One busy day as she was right in the middle of a sale, a wonderful idea popped into her head. She could hardly

wait to get home that night to tell her cat, whom she consulted on all such matters. As the idea grew, she became even more excited until at last she could stand it no longer. She closed her shop and rushed home. At last she would be someone really important, for she had decided to give some of her beautiful flowers to decorate the altar of the big church across the street on Sunday morning. It was truly a wonderful idea!

She gave much thought during the remainder of the week to just which flowers she would choose, for she felt that this was very important. On Saturday she awoke with a feeling that this would be the most wonderful day of her life. After a quick breakfast she left her small apartment and hurried to her shop. There she bustled around, selecting the most beautiful of every variety of flowers—tulip, lilacs, pansies. Then, with this armload of fragrance and beauty, she crossed the street to the big church and quietly entered.

The magnificent dignity of the church was breath-taking, and she stopped for a moment, taking in every detail of the altar with lovely carving. How beautiful her flowers would be! She walked slowly and reverently down the aisle, smiling a little to herself.

When the flowers were arranged at last in the beautiful vase that she had brought, she stepped back to view the scene. It exceeded her fondest dreams! Her flowers lent a sense of quiet beauty to the ornate dignity of the great altar. She stood for a moment and then hurried from the church.

Easter Sunday dawned bright and clear, and the little old lady was up before the first rays of sunlight began to stream in her window. She had selected her wardrobe carefully the night before, for she had to be well dressed. Although her clothes were rather drab and shabby, they were always neat and clean. She felt that this was most important. She dressed carefully, gazing in the mirror many times to make sure that her outfit was appropriate. Then, as the church bells began to ring out, she pinned a single red rose on her black dress, picked up her gloves, and left for church.

She could scarcely contain her happiness as she walked up to the big door and entered. She dared not glance at the altar as she walked down the aisle for fear that her excitement would overcome her. Finally she was seated, and she raised her eyes to gaze upon the beauty for which she was responsible. As her eyes fell upon the altar her happiness was suddenly turned to bewilderment, for her flowers were not there. In their place stood six beautiful lilies, their creamy petals glistening in the sunlight.

She sat stunned for a moment and then rose quickly just before the service began and slipped out a side door. Her heart was heavy as she walked slowly home, for all the joy had gone out of the day.

She reached her front door and began groping for the key in her bag. At this moment a black cloud passed over the sun, and a drop of rain fell on her cheek. She opened the door and went in, closing the door behind her. As she trudged up the stairs, the red rose fell to the floor. She stopped, started to pick it up, and then, as if nothing was worth the effort, she continued her ascent. The rose lay on the step, wilted and dusty. A door was opened, then closed, and all was quiet.

Al Goodman
CHARLOTTE
fine shoes



MOSE'S MUSINGS

WORTH SPEARMAN

De plants, dey is all got growin' pains.
De sun am a-gettin' hot.
De birds am a-bustin' out wid song.
In di spring what tings 'pears dey is not.

De gennelmen twirls dey shiny cane—
De ladies pile on dey hat
De awfull-est heap ob fruit an' stuff,
'Til it look like gon' squarch 'um plum flat!

But boys, dey don' care fo' truck lak dat—
'Bout luve in de spring, tra-la—
[git me some worms an' uh fishin' pole
An' my fun am de bes' dat dere are.

I lies in de sun, an' doze a while,
An' pull in a bass er two—
I laugh wit de breeze or sniff de trees,
Or I wink at de sparkerlin' dew.

Not one in a bunch ob now-a-days fulks
Who got all dey joy-wires crossed
Can do in de spring what I can do:
Me and God walks de woods and gits lost.

We really ain't lost, jes' out de way—
He show me a bird, a tree,
A flow'r growin' 'side a mossy stone,
'Long wid Him its lots easier to see.

'Twas Him give de plants dey growin' pains.
'Twas Him learnt de birds to fly.
He done a fine job,—but folks don' care!
When I gits dere I'll sho' ax Him why.

Invitation by the Ancients

MARJORIE BLANKENSHIP

I would not climb Olympian heights to seek Athena's face
Or bow where Hera kneels to Zeus in cool resplendent grace
But now that April smiles again and Aphrodite reigns,
I'll build my own Parnassus 'mid familiar groves and plain

Come, frolic with the gods today; on youth's eternal wing
We'll seek Narcissus' lovely face where Naiad's fountain
 springs.

Bid Zephyr wake Endymion; 'mid hyacinths he lies;
With gentle hands touch Echo's lips and still her plaintive
cries.

See—deep within the grassy haunts of Gaia's bridal bow
Fair Aphrodite brings to Zeus her gift of April flowers.
Come, watch the sheep for Chloe as she dances on the hill
Come catch the fleeting hoof of Pan among the daffodils

And in the wood where dryads kneel as winter slips below
Where flowers mute and dreaming lie in palaces of snow
Pay homage by an ancient shrine, for spring bestows
 thrall
A sceptre in the pauper's hand—a poet's song in all.

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LAST DAY OF MARCH

ELLEN TURPIN

The kite soared higher, higher, and higher, until at last became a tiny black square silhouetted against the intense blue of the sky and the drifting clouds which moved at almost a rapid pace behind the force of the late March winds.

The cord of the kite tugged hard at Cynthia's hand. It made her think of a poem that her third grade teacher had read to her class. She could not remember all of it, but the part about "... pulling at your heart strings" had left a deep impression upon her mind. She wondered if that was what made the aching feeling deep inside her so great. Mother and Daddy sure were having a tug of war with hers.

How could she decide? She loved them both so very much. Here it was so very late in March, and they were both still roaring at each other just like the wind. How could she make them understand?

The cord began to cut deeply into Cynthia's small young hands, each tug throwing her a little off balance, but, like most children, she suffered rather than let go of her new obsession.

She saw the mud splashed on the once-clean starched collar of her dress. She saw the broken kite string, part of it still clutched in the sweaty palm of her hand. Her head hurt terribly, and she saw the big rock that was the cause of it. She saw, bending beside her, her mother and her father, and listened on her, two pairs of eyes, at first filled with anxiety, then love. The love brought a smile from the small frightened face and the tear-stained eyes of Cynthia.

Now they were no longer looking at her, but at each other. And she saw something else, something else that was different. She didn't exactly know or understand, but it was very different—very different from the "roaring look" which had been present for what had seemed so long. Cynthia didn't know why, but the look told her that now maybe she wouldn't have to decide which of them she loved most. Now maybe the roaring days were over. She was glad that it was the last day of March.

Spring Lament

DICK BURTON

As I walk in the spring,
The lonely feeling returns to me—
The loneliness of having no one—
The loneliness of feeling my heart grow heavy
With the blossoms of an unplucked love.

The night is warm;
The stars are bright.
But for me winter is forever here.
Winter—that long and lonely time has left me not.
What good is spring to me?

I see the shadow of a boy and girl walking by, arm in arm.
And I wish, for a moment, that the boy were I.
The shadows stop and blend into a kiss.
I look away.
This is theirs; no one has a right to this but them.
I dream.
I dream of myself and a girl that I may never have.
I wish that this were our spring.
But the spring for us may never come.

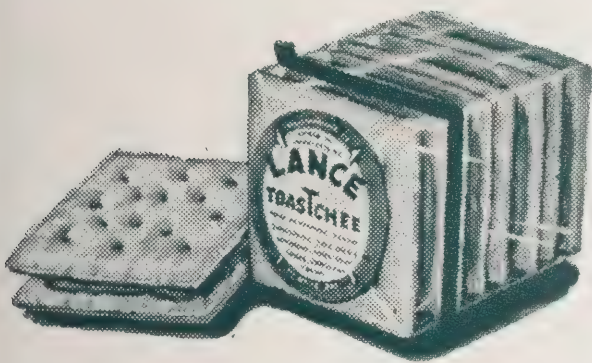
As I walk in the spring,
The lonely feeling returns to me.
And without her each spring will be as lonely as this.

TO A SENIOR

HANNAH BARRON

I can't believe
Although it's true,
In three more years
I'll be like you.

It's harder still
To think someday
A cap and gown
Will me array.



Enjoy—

Peanut Butter
Sandwiches
with
Your Drink

Lance

Night In The City

HANNAH WEAVER

The steady hum of the elevator was the beginning of my first big night in New York City. The murmur of voices in the hotel lobby was continuous, broken only when the door opened and noises of the street crashed in. As we stepped outside, these noises seemed to crush us. Brakes screamed; a motor roared; horns blared. Soft music floated from a sidewalk music shop—a touch of softness in the din of traffic.

"Communists pushed back. Allies move forward."

"A flower for the lady, sir?"

"And I said to him, look . . ."

The clatter of plates and the tinkle of glasses in an open restaurant added new sounds to the night. A taxi stopped

with a screech, and the laughter of happy voices burst from it.

"Keep the change."

"Thank you, sir!"

We passed the entrance to a subway terminal. The boom of the trains far below ground joined the clamor above. All this was night in the city.

Progression

ANN WOODS

A soft patter on glistening leaves,
Staccato drip on a sodden terrain,
Damp mist; sudden cool;
The smell of earth, a mountain rain.

A downward flow through a sloping ravine,
Sparkle and splash on water-worn stones,
Soothing falls; clear pools;
Rushing and gurgling, a stream and its tones.

A tumbling torrent and raging cascade,
Sudden calm in a broad expanse,
Oar's dip; paddle's slap;
A surging highway, a river's advance.

A crash of waves and a froth of foam,
Salt spray from a breaker cast,
Glistening sand; tangy air;
The roar of the tide, the sea at last.

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Students Receive Awards

The annual awards day program was held on May 12, 1954, in Ninniss Auditorium. Mr. H. H. Everett, acting president, presented the awards.

The Blue Quill established this year a new award, the Jernigan Journalistic award, to be presented to the student most outstanding in writing, advertising, art, or make-up. A plaque which will bear the name of each year's winner has been placed in the library. The award was presented to Davy-Jo Stribling of Westminster, S. C., for her outstanding work in journalism.

The Charlotte Panhellenic Council presented an award of \$50 to the most outstanding freshman. Chosen on the basis of meritorious scholarship, community service, and wholesome personality was Lindsay Marshall.

Kappa Delta sorority received the silver cup for having the highest scholastic average on campus. This cup is awarded each year by the Queens Panhellenic Council and has been won by Kappa Delta five times in the past six years.

Recipients of the Morrison Temperance Essay Prizes were Lindsay Marshall, Winston-Salem, N. C., first prize of \$25, and Wilma Correll, Hickory, N. C., second prize of \$15. Upon recommendation from the Woman's Christian Temperance Union the third prize was divided equally between Joy Brown, Myrtle Beach, S. C., and Betty Murchison, Concord, N. C. These are offered each year to the family of the late Mrs. Cameron Morrison in co-operation with the C.T.U.

A new Science Award of \$10 was established this year by Kappa Delta sorority. The senior averaging highest in mathematics, chemistry, or biology

(Continued on page 30)

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If It's Green

SALLY EDGERTON

If it's green, it's either springtime, jealousy, or chlorophyll! Now if it's springtime, you will be able to distinguish it very plainly by the number of couples seen walking down the boulevards, hand in hand, completely unaware of anything or anybody else. The funny thing is that immediately after seeing them you begin to wonder how you can get yourself in that same sort of bliss. If you have trouble finding the couples as a sign of spring, although I'm sure that you won't, then you can just stop and notice your own feelings. You never did hop out of bed like that in the winter time, now did you? And life never seemed quite so glorious as it suddenly seems to you? You never felt so friendly or bubbling over with happiness and excitement over such ordinary things in life—ideas seem to have taken on new color, as well as things Mother Nature has provided with a new wardrobe. But supposing you're the type who does not feel very deeply and you're unable to get the spirit of this thing called spring, then how shall you know? Well, if you're that bad off, then you'd better go have a look at your calendar, because that's the only way to tell folks like you. Now don't mistake my meaning. I'm not in the least trying to insult your emotions, but rather trying to point out the last possible means of discovering what this thing is!

Suppose that it's February and you know that it's *green* and therefore simply can't be springtime. Then what can it be? Why, it's jealousy! And what is jealousy? It's the most stupid and uncalled-for emotion, and yet the most ordinary and everyday occurrence. It's a nuisance to ambitious businessmen, ardent lovers, and women bridge players. To find it is not hard. Although we often are inclined to overlook it in ourselves, we find it easily in others! Notice the eyes of the man just below you in your firm, waiting for the promotion that he knows he will never get as long as you remain there; or the look on your date's face when he asks you about the boy you were seen dating last night after all you said about being ready to settle down to dating no one else but him. And you're still having trouble? Well, then let me tell you the surest way to find it! We're at the O.L.P.C. (Old Ladies Poker Club), and I see Mrs. Parker walking in, late as usual. This gives her an excellent chance to show off her latest Hattie Carnegie original outfit trimmed by a gorgeous mink cape. Just

notice those flimsy excuses for departure so that they can rush out to the nearest private phone to say something like this to their hubbies: "Hello, darling. You simply must not waste a minute. Meet me at Montaldo's right now. I really have something I must tell you." And the poor husbands, like fools, fall for the line. You can't mistake those eyes!

Keeping your breath "sweet and daintily fresh" while completely ruining your towels and wash basins is the new wonder nuisance, CHLOROPHYLL. Mother Nature couldn't have known what confusion she was causing when she added a little to her works! Radio commentators hate it while they fool their audiences into loving it. Druggists wouldn't be caught dead selling anything else, while dentists shun it like the plague. Telephone operators chew it, and Hollywood stars bubble bathe in it. Shoe salesmen even sell it! Advertisers collect millions from it while the garbage collectors don't do so badly, either! If the fellow who wrote "Trees" were still around, he'd probably write an ode to it. It's green all right!

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STUDENTS RECEIVE AWARDS

(Continued from page 29)

receives this award. Janes Anderson, Charlotte, N. C., was honored for her outstanding work in mathematics.

Marshals for the year 1954-55 were announced. Recognition is based on the scholastic average of the entire college work. Chief marshal is Anita Ruth Dixon. Other marshals are: Frances Caroline Love, first marshal from the rising senior class; Mary Wilson McLaney, second marshal from the rising senior class; Sarah Irene Williams, first marshal from the rising junior class; Peggy Brice, second marshal from the rising junior class; Lindsay Louise Marshall, first marshal from the rising sophomore class; Margaret Francis Wright, second marshal from the rising sophomore class.

The Creative Writing Cup was awarded to Carol Stockner for her poetry which has appeared in several issues of *The Blue Quill*.

Each year an award of \$10 is given by Chi Omega sorority to the senior attaining the highest grade in sociology. Because there was no one graduating in sociology this year the amount was given to the library to buy a book or books in this field.

For the best piece of scholastic work submitted in the department Sigma Mu gave an award of \$5. The recipient of this award was Virginia Holley.

Those representing Queens in *Who's Who in American Universities and Colleges* were given certificates. They included Barbara Edwards, Decatur, Ill.; Betty Lipe, Landrum, N. C.; Jackie Johnson, Dunn, N. C.; Carol Stockner, Wellesley, W. Va.; Leeds Cushman, Little Compton, R. I.; Patsy Hemon, Charlotte, N. C.; Dorothy Hinson, Charlotte, N. C.

The Recreation Association of Queens College awards each year a cup to the student who is the most outstanding in athletics. The recipient of this award was Lynn Heagerty, Havana, Cuba.

In the field of dramatics two awards were given. Florence Pearson, Charlotte, N. C., was recognized as the senior who has contributed the most to this field during the college year. A certificate was also given to Richard Burton, Charlotte, N. C., the newcomer, who has contributed the most to dramatic activities on the campus.

-A.

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On Riding A Horse

BETTY CROSS

Not many afternoons ago I had come to my dormitory from riding an obstinate horse at Fisher's stables; and when I closed my eyes for the expected sleep, an image of the horse galloped through my thoughts and threatened my hour of sleeping bliss. Without success I made an effort to train my thoughts on more soothing associations while several parts of my body screamed reminders of my afternoon on the horse's back. I reminded myself that I needed this rest. I forced upon my mind thoughts to induce sleep: fleecy clouds, curled-up kittens, steaming bath water. But these were of no avail; his bony back—the queerly shaped saddle—the broken bridle—the headlong dash through the woods—all the things which made my afternoon so exhilarating and so detrimental to life and limb flashed through my mind until the thoughts which had threatened sleep now threw me into an exhausted slumber.

But all was not as pleasant as it seemed, and I had not been so fortunate as to escape the events of the afternoon. As my eyelids closed in rest, the same horse intruded upon my dreams. Not one horse, but hundreds of them galloped over uneven turf, and I was off and on the back of each horse. One after the other, the horses hurled themselves through the brightly colored woods, barely missing young starts; charging under overhanging limbs which threatened to unseat me; jumping over fallen logs which did unseat me. At one fall did not end my pleasure jaunt; on the back of these countless steeds I jogged and bounced gracefully, if infinitely, up rocky slopes and down muddy ravines. What

a rich experience! How unforgettable could one afternoon be?

There are horses who love people; there are people who love horses. But this horse and I have feelings which are unique. How I longed for one of the tame mares, one of the friendly steeds, or one of the broken-down-learner's horses. This particular horse, however, defied classification. He would lower his head, bite off the heads of dozens of daisies, calmly chew and digest his afternoon snack while the rest of the riders cantered over the field and I wavered between sliding headlong down his neck and wishing to jerk the bit in his mouth but hesitating at the thought of his chewing off my foot. Then he would gallop, uncheckable—no obstacle was too great for him—while I pulled at the reins persuasively at first and then frantically.

This mad chase returned my sleeping mind to the hundred galloping steeds. In single file they dashed on and on until the last horse began to catch up with the horse in front of him. As the chase progressed, the line of my dream horses grew shorter and shorter. At last only one horse was left, but what strength he possessed! It was as if the wills and energies of all of the hundred horses were joined in this one horse, this obstinate horse. I wondered why I had come along—certainly not for the ride—for this was the horse's excursion, not mine.

But nothing is more thrilling than this galloping along with the wind in my face. There are no obstacles in sight to knock me off the horse. Ouch! Who said, "Let's go for a ride?"



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THE INTELLIGENT PIXIE

CAROLYN MOFFAT

There once was a pixie who lived in a chink
A chink in the wall by the library door
Now Peter the Pixie would sit there and think
Encircled by books and by knowledge galore.
Here Socrates, Darwin, Psychologist Freud
Blend ideas with Chaucer and Shakespeare and James.
With reading and study his days were employed,
For knowledge and learning were Peter's chief aims.
He'd study and read till his brain got a cramp.
The theories of Einstein, Copernicus, Mill
He'd read as he swung on the edge of the lamp.
He'd scribble his notes with a hummingbird quill
On library cards that had been thrown away.
Then back to his home in the wall he would creep.
He studied his records most all of the day
Until he would drift to the realms of deep sleep,
Then suddenly wake with a shake and a start
To ponder his books and the things in that vein.
This went on for years and he made him a chart
Of books that he'd read and he'd read once again
For soon as he finished the library's store
He started anew with the very first shelf.
And so he had read at least ten times or more
The books in those rooms—that intelligent elf.
He never went outside not even to peep
His world was the lib'ry and knowledge profound
But one day as Peter the Pixie did sleep
He dreamt that his head grew so large and so round.
He could not escape, could not even crawl through
That chink in the wall that he used for his door
He woke with a start while perspiring he grew
Alarmed when he lifted his hand to explore.
His head had become like a pumpkin too plump
As though it would burst in a second or two.
For Peter had crowded his brain like a gump.
With facts he had knocked his small brain quite askew.
Now Peter the Pixie's poor head will expand
Until he can learn what good pixies all know:
That knowledge and nature must go hand in hand
Or else his small brain will his body outgrow!

A Smile Dances

GRACE HAGER

Two dancing heartfelt sensations
Glide upon the facial floor of ties
With graceful motions of the lips
In rhythmical patterns of the eyes
At the ballroom of loves' friendships—
A Smile in a Waltz Creation.

LOVE

GLORIA DOWD

A gentler breeze has never been
To sweep across the souls of men;
A storm not quite this great before,
To beat—to burst upon one's door.
To sigh at night, to laugh at day—
The taunting beauty slips away.
Drifting silently above,
Eternal breeze, imprisoning love.

MY SONG

ALAN MARSHBURN

A winging, singing, soaring melody
Climbs up and down my heart's celestial stair,
For I have grown in love; and so has she
I trust, discovered kindred passion where
The throne of reason may be overthrown
By dictates from the heart. My own, my love,
Could all the stars be netted up and sown,
Each glittering, one by one to blaze above
The earth, above the sky, the sweet fair name
Of thee, then Mercury would, at my call
To mighty gods and goddesses who reign,
Announce the foolish task—to stand or fall.
Now dusk has come. My song which sang at noon
Still climbs, sings on—lit by a pale-white moon.



